

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

OLIVER JOHNSON, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 4.—NO. 47.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1819.

WHOLE NO. 203.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., O.

TERMS.

\$1.50 per annum, if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.
If paid before three months of the year has expired, a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made, reducing the price to \$1.25.
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Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

HUNCHMAN & KEEN, PRINTERS.

THE BUGLE.

Patrick Henry's Opinion.

The *Lynn (Mass.) Pioneer*, a bitter opponent of Disunion, and a warm admirer of Spooner's wire-drawn abstractions, quotes a passage from Virginia's eloquent son, and says, "We would give something, if our Disunionist friends, in their much talking about the construction placed on the Constitution by the fathers of our Government, would take a little pains to 'keep before the people' the construction placed on that instrument by Patrick Henry." Here is the passage referred to, which forms part of a speech made by that statesman in the Virginia Convention which ratified the U. S. Constitution.

"Have they [Congress] not power to provide for the general defence and welfare?—May they not think, that this calls for the abolition of slavery? May they not pronounce all slaves free, and will they not be warranted by that power? There is no ambiguous implication, or logical deduction. The paper [the Constitution] speaks to the point. They have the power in clear, unequivocal terms; and will clearly and certainly exercise it."

That the Disunionists are not afraid to publish the opinions of Virginia's great orator, they have shown in the fact, that the whole speech, from which the above is an extract, occupies a conspicuous place in a pamphlet issued by them, which they are taking 'some little pains' to 'keep before the people,' and which in fact they have done their best to disseminate through the land. We think it not unlikely that the Editor of the *Pioneer* himself is indebted to that same Disunion pamphlet for a copy of the passage above quoted. Whether he is so indebted or not, however, is of no consequence. That Patrick Henry did not think the Constitution sufficiently pro-slavery, is a fact well known to all intelligent Abolitionists, of whatever school; but did he ever deny the positive pro-slavery character of those clauses of the instrument which Disunionists so often quote, and which Spooner has vainly attempted to show are not pro-slavery? Did he ever deny that the phrases, "three-fifths of all other persons," and "persons held to service or labor," meant slaves? Did he ever doubt the obligation of the National Government to protect the Slave Trade previous to 1808—to put down insurrections, and return fugitives? As to his opinion that Congress might abolish slavery, in the exercise of its power to "provide for the common defence and general welfare," there is no evidence, we believe, that any other prominent member of the Virginia Convention agreed with him; and even he did not profess to believe that the Constitution was intended to bear such a construction. He was evidently influenced by a fear that the North, in process of time, would claim such power by 'implication,' and he would have guarded against this by an express provision. Gov. RANDOLPH, in reply to his objection, said:

"I appeal to the candor of the honorable gentleman, and if he thinks it an improper appeal, I ask the gentleman here, whether there be a general indefinite power of providing for the general welfare? The power is, 'to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare.' So that they can only raise money by these means, in order to provide for the general welfare. No man who reads it can say it is general as the honorable gentleman represents it. You must violate every rule of construction and common sense, if you sever it from the power of raising money and annex it to any thing else, in order to make it that formidable power which it is represented to be."

Mr. MADISON, moreover, who was a member of the Convention that framed the instrument, and whose opinion is perhaps entitled to more weight than that of any other man, said:

"I was struck with surprise when I heard him express himself alarmed with respect to the emancipation of slaves. Let me ask, if

they should even attempt it, if it will not be an usurpation of power? There is no power to warrant it, in that paper."

As to the bearing of those clauses of the Constitution referred to by Disunionists to prove the instrument pro-slavery, and also as to the point raised by Mr. Henry, read the following extract of a speech by Gen. C. Colesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, made in the Ratifying Convention of that State:

"By this settlement we have secured an unlimited importation of negroes for twenty years; nor is it declared that the importation shall be then stopped; it may be continued. We have a security that the general government can never emancipate them, for no such authority is granted, and it is admitted on all hands, that the general government has no powers but what are expressly granted by the Constitution; and that all rights not expressed were reserved by the several States. We have obtained a right to recover our slaves, in whatever part of America they may take refuge, which is a right we had not before. In short, considering all circumstances, we have made the best terms, for the security of this species of property, it was in our power to make. We would have made better if we could, but on the whole I do not think them bad."

The folly of quoting the opinion of one man, however eminent, and that opinion, too, pronounced absurd by nearly all his contemporaries,—against the strong and unvarying current of history, must be apparent to every unprejudiced mind. As for Spooner's flimsy about constraining the Constitution without reference to its history and the intentions of its framers, it is all very well meant, no doubt, but arrant nonsense for all that.

The *Pioneer* says, that 'if we were not a nation of dastards, that prophecy' of Patrick Henry's (that Congress would abolish slavery in the States,) 'would have been verified long since.' We say that if the North had not been tainted by the leprosy of slavery, she would never have adopted the U. S. Constitution, and would not now lend it her support, but would proclaim in tones not to be mistaken the doctrine of

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

Incentivism at the South.

The *Mobile (Alabama) Tribune*, expatiating upon the late French Revolution and its probable consequences, makes the following observations, which, in the mouth of a Northern Abolitionist, would be regarded as the very essence of "incentivism," but which, coming from a Southern Editor, were no doubt rendered entirely harmless by being read, as the Declaration of Independence is in that part of the country, with a mental reservation excluding the "niggers." Strange as it may seem, we have no doubt that the people of Mobile read these observations without any thought of applying them to their Slaves! Such blindness, however, is almost incredible.

The true Socialism, after all, is not quite so great a bugbear as prejudice would make of it. It bases its claims to attention on that best of all human purposes, namely, the equalization of conditions—the raising of men to something like civilization—to let no man lack for food—to provide means for the gratification of all the wants of humanity. In short, so to distribute things as to bring the extremes of society into something like social proximity. As it is now in Europe, the upper class is as far removed from the lower as the angels are from all of us. This would seem monstrous, were it not so much a part of our education. It is monstrous, nevertheless, and any plausible means of eradicating it is worth a thorough trial. Socialism mainly proposes to work on property. It says to the laborers, we will not take from the capitalist his stores, but we declare this, that our labor is our own, and we will use it as we please. These are wonderful words for poor men to utter, for labor has been and now is as much bound to a hard necessity as the vessel is bound by the will of the helmsman. They might think of doing with their own what the capitalist can do with his, but who in Ireland, or in the factories of England, for example, would dream of being able to embody his notion of the right on this subject? Socialism is trying to do this, and it declares that we, the laborers, will co-operate. We can do without the capitalist; he cannot without us. We will associate, and sell our labor without his intervention. If he chooses to join us, he may throw his capital into our hands, and reap the fruit of it in joint stock with us. The idea is just, if not practicable, and we hope to see it fairly tested. The world will test it, and it might as well be done now as at some other time.

Of course, a sudden change, such as is proposed, is likely to produce much evil with its good. The emancipated slave of labor may often run riot in his new liberty, and forget the wrongs which his principle condemns; but experience will correct this. We have a fixed belief that no man ought to be allowed to starve—that no man in justice ought to have a superabundance while others have nothing—that property and land ought to be distributed as much as possible. In our own Government we would have no land belonging to the public sold, while there are destitute men to take it for nothing—that every such man should have a recognized right to demand a certain number of acres, and to force himself into a full possession of it.

The world has not yet begun to live, and will not begin until nearly all the old errors

and the old men are buried with the age.—In our own country and State, little as we have learned, this is come to be well recognized as a fixed truth.

If the laboring masses in Alabama, taking a hint from the *Mobile Editor*, should combine and say, "Our labor is our own, and we will use it as we please," he would think their words wonderful indeed for poor men [slaves] to utter; but would he say, "The idea is just, and we hope to see it fairly tested: it might as well be done now as at some other time!" Would he say, "Every destitute man [whether black or white] should have a recognized right to demand a certain number of acres, and to force himself into full possession of it?" We are afraid that he would suddenly be impressed with the idea, that circumstances alter cases, that black men are not white, &c., &c. But let us not be discouraged. Doctrines like those propounded by the *Alabama Editor* must work in favor of Universal Liberty, in spite of all conventional limitations and mental reservations. The effort to emancipate white laborers from their oppressions will inevitably help to break the chains of the slaves.

Mr. Jefferson and Emancipation.

The annexed letter from Thomas Jefferson to the Hon. Edward Coles, ex-Governor of Illinois, has been handed, by Mr. Clay, to the Lexington Observer for publication:

PHILADELPHIA, June 5, 1819.

Dear Sir: Under the impression that its publication at this time will promote your views, be gratifying to the people of Kentucky, and be of general utility, I am induced to take the liberty to enclose you a copy of a letter from Mr. Jefferson to me on the subject of slavery.

I avail myself of the occasion to tender my respectful compliments to Mrs. Clay, and renew to you assurances of my high respect and sincere regard.

EDWARD COLES.

To Hon. Henry Clay, Lexington, Ky.

MONTICELLO, August 25, 1814.

Dear Sir: Your favor of July 31st, was duly received and was read with peculiar pleasure. The sentiments breathed through the whole do honor to both the head and heart of the writer. Mine on the subject of the slavery of negroes have long since been in possession of the public, and time has only served to give them stronger root.

The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of these people, and it is a moral reproach to us that they should have pleaded it so long in vain, and that they should have produced not a single effort, any, I fear not much serious willingness to relieve them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation. From those of the former generation who were in the fullness of age when I came into public life, which was while our controversy with England was on paper only, I soon saw that nothing was to be hoped. Nursed and educated in the daily habit of seeing the degraded condition, both bodily and mental, of those unfortunate beings, not reflecting that that degradation was very much the work of themselves and their fathers, few minds had yet doubted but that they were as legitimate subjects of property as their horses or cattle.—The quiet and monotonous course of colonial life has been disturbed by no alarm and little reflection on the value of liberty. And when alarm was taken an encroachment on their own, it was not easy to carry them the whole length of the principles which they invoked for themselves. In the first or second session of the Legislature after I became a member, I drew to the subject the attention of Col. Bland, one of the oldest, ablest and most respected members, and he undertook to move for certain moderate extensions of the protection of the laws to these people. I seconded his motion, and, as a younger member, was more spared in the debate; but he was denounced as an enemy to his country, and was treated with the greatest indecency.

From an early stage of our revolution, and more distant duties were assigned me, so that from that time till my return from Europe in 1789, and I may say till I returned to reside at home in 1809, I had little opportunity of knowing the progress of public sentiment here on this subject. I had always hoped that the younger generation, receiving their early impressions after the flame of liberty had been kindled in every breast; and had become as it were the vital spirit of every American, that the generous temperment of youth, analogous to the motion of their blood, and above the suggestions of avarice, would have sympathized with oppression whenever found, and proved their love of liberty beyond their own share of it. But my intercourse with them, since my return, has not been sufficient to ascertain that they had made towards this point the progress I had hoped. Your solitary but welcome voice is the first which has brought this sound to my ear: and I have considered the general silence which prevails on this subject as indicating an apathy unfavorable to our hopes.—Yet the hour of emancipation is advancing in the march of time. It will come; and whether brought on by the generous energy of our own minds, or by the bloody process of St. Domingo, excited and conducted by the power of our present enemy, if once stationed permanently within our country, offering asylum and arms to the oppressed, is a leaf of our history not yet turned over.

As to the method by which this difficult work is to be effected, if permitted to be done by ourselves, I have seen no proposition so expedient on the whole, as that of emancipation of those born after a given day, and of their education and expatriation at a proper age. This would give time for a gradual ex-

ting of that species of labor and substitution of a more useful and less severe of the stock which an operation so fundamental cannot fail to produce. The idea of emancipating the whole at once, the old as well as the young, and retaining them here, is of those only who have not the guide of either knowledge or experience on the subject. For men, probably of any color, but of this color we know, brought up from their infancy without necessity for thought or foresight, are by their habits rendered as incapable as children of taking care of themselves, and are extinguished promptly wherever industry is necessary for raising the living. In the meantime they are pests in society by their idleness, and the depredations to which this leads them.—Their amalgamation with the other color produces a degeneration to which no lover of his country, no lover of excellence in the human character can innocently consent.

I am sensible of the partiality with which you have looked towards me as the person who should undertake this salutary and arduous work—but this, my dear sir, is like bidding old Priam to buckle on the armor of old Hector, "tremensibus acro humeris et inane ferramentum." No, I have overlied the generation with which mutual labors and perils begat mutual confidence and influence.—This enterprise is for the young; for those who can follow it up, and bear it through to its consummation. It shall have all my prayers, and these are the only weapons of an old man. But in the meantime, are you right in abandoning this property and your country with it? I think not. My opinion has ever been that, until more can be done for them, we should endeavor with those whom fortune has thrown on our hands, to feed and clothe them well, protect them from ill usage, and require such reasonable labor as is performed voluntarily by freemen, and be led by no reluctance to abdicate them, and our duties to them. The laws do not permit us to turn them loose, if that were for their good, and to commute them for other property is to commute them to those whose usage of them we cannot control. I hope, then, my dear sir, you will reconcile yourself to your country and its unfortunate condition; that on the contrary you will come forward in the public councils, become the missionary of this doctrine, truly christian, inhuman and inculcate it softly but steadily through the medium of writing and conversation, associate others in your labors, and when the phalanx is formed, bring or end press the proposition perseveringly until its accomplishment. It is an encouraging observation that no good measure was ever proposed which, if daily pursued, failed to prevail in the end. We have proof of this in the history of the endeavors in the British Parliament to suppress that very trade which brought this evil on us. And you will be supported by the religious precept, "be not weary in well doing." That your efforts may be as speedy and complete, as it will be honorable and immortal consolation to yourself, I shall as fervently and sincerely pray as I assure you of my great friendship and respect.

THO'S JEFFERSON.

EDWARD COLES, Esq.

Fisher's Lecture.

From the Richmond (Va.) Whig.

The great object of the first portion of the lecture is to prove that the South is richer than the North; that Virginia is the richest community in the world—and that far from standing in need of the pity of the North, she is infinitely her superior in point of wealth. If he make this out to the satisfaction of us, who live in a city, more favored in every respect by nature than any other on the continent, and which, though one hundred and twelve years old, counts barely her thirty thousand inhabitants,—of our neighbors of Norfolk, whose magnificent harbor, and other great natural advantages, have not been able to keep the grass from growing in her streets, and who at this very moment are seriously agitating plans of annexation to North Carolina—of the owners of those immense tracts of worn-out land which abound in the lower part of Virginia, and which, though originally of fine quality, are at this moment, to use a phrase common enough in their vicinity, "unable 'to sprout black-eyed peas'"—of the thousands of emigrants who annually crowd the Western and Southern thoroughfares, in search of a living which the exhausted condition of their own country cannot afford them—he will have rendered a most efficient service. But the pocket preacher is more loudly and more eloquently than Mr. Fisher. He cannot convince his owner that it is full of money, when he has every day convincing proof that none is there.

The criterion by which Mr. Fisher endeavors to establish his position is so evidently false, that the slightest examination is sufficient to expose its absurdity. He assumes that the comparative wealth of countries is to be estimated by the comparative amount which each individual would have, if the entire property of each were equally divided among the inhabitants. Suppose this principle for a moment to be correct, and let us see the result. Sixty years ago, the Empire of Russia, exclusive of the Crimea and Siberia, contained, according to Coxe, about 27,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these there were about six hundred thousand free persons, the rest being serfs, or (in other words) slaves. The average value of slaves in Virginia, is, we believe, about \$200. Let us suppose that the Russian white slave was worth about half as much as the American black; we shall then have for the entire value of the Russian slave property \$2,700,000,000 (two thousand seven hundred and forty millions of dollars).—As it is fair to suppose that the estates upon which these slaves worked, were at least, in the aggregate, equal to the value of the slaves themselves, we shall have for the entire value of all the property in Russia, (the Crimea and Siberia being left out,) \$5,400,000,000 (five thousand four hundred and eighty millions of dollars). This property divided among the 600,000 free persons just spoken of, would average \$9,000 for each individual.

Mr. Fisher does not raise the average of Virginia higher than \$759 per head; so that sixty years ago Russia was nearly twelve times as prosperous as Virginia is now.—Russia, however, is, according to this theory, in a rapid decline. Industry, manufactures, commerce, and the arts, have all advanced in that country with gigantic strides. Agriculture has not been far in the rear. At the same time a very general emancipation of serfs has taken place, so that the freemen of Russia now number thousands, where they formerly would count only hundreds. The average, of course, is in a continual decline, and the all the world has been accustomed to regard Russian prosperity as rapidly advancing, all the world, according to Mr. Fisher, is evidently deceived.

Take another example. Egypt, under the government of the Pasha, is peopled by slaves. The peasants are all in that condition. We know not the number of property holders (ages, &c.) but we should suppose they would be scarcely amount to 20,000. Now it is fair to presume that the entire property of Egypt is at least as valuable as that of Virginia; that is to say, that it is worth \$300,000,000. That would give an average of \$15,000 to each freeman. Consequently, according to Mr. Fisher, Egypt ("far from being the base of kingdoms") is the most flourishing community on earth.

The prosperity of England, according to this theory, immediately after the Norman conquest, when about one hundred thousand were freemen, and all the rest slaves, was greater than it is at this moment, when she controls the money operations of all the world. Italy, immediately before the inroads of these Barbarians who overthrew the decayed and tottering empire of Rome, was, according to the accounts of all historians, in the most deplorable of all conditions. According to Mr. F.'s idea, however, she presented a picture of prosperity to which the history of the whole known world presents no likeness. The entire Campagna, an ex-tingly populous district, was owned by a few nobles. All the rest were slaves. The average was enormous, affording an immense fortune to each freeman.

Let us come nearer home. It can be demonstrated that this principle of Mr. Fisher makes the wealth of a community consist in the decay of industry, the exhaustion of the lands, and the decline of the population.—For instance, the value of the lands of Henrico county is estimated at about \$3,500,000. The number of slaves is supposed to be about 7,000. At \$200 a piece, they would yield \$1,400,000. This added to the price of the lands, would give \$5,000,000 for the value land and negroes of the county. In round numbers let us say \$6,000,000. Let us suppose these lands to become so completely exhausted that they may be sold for not half their value, say \$1,500,000. Let us suppose them all bought up by one hundred individuals, who own fifty slaves each. Fifty slaves at \$200 a piece, they would yield \$10,000,000, which, added to the \$1,500,000, would give for the land and negroes of Henrico county \$25,000,000; and each individual would average \$250,000! How prosperous would be the county of Henrico, according to Mr. Fisher, with its worn-out lands, and its reduced population!

According to Mr. Fisher's view, the greater the number of slaves, the greater the prosperity of the State. This is very different from Mr. James C. Bruce's view of the matter; but let us take it for granted that it is so. Then if the Legislature of Virginia possessed the power, and would exercise it, of reducing one half of her free population to slavery, she would add to her wealth their estimated value as slaves!

Slaves are property, it is true; and in estimating the wealth of individuals, as compared with each other, they are to be taken into the account. But a different rule must be pursued, in comparing the wealth of slave and free States. What makes a slave value himself? His labor, of course. Adam Smith tells us indeed, that labor, and not gold or silver, is the true standard or value. In comparing the wealth of the States of the Union, Mr. Fisher has left this part of the subject entirely out of view. He has made no allowance whatever, for the value of free labor, though it is well known to be of a greatly superior class to slave. He adopts the principle that a man is of no value until he becomes a slave. What the value of free labor is, or whether it is not at least as much as slave, let any man who has ever visited the New England States, and knows what description of labor it is that has accomplished the results he will there see every where around him, determine.

In another article, the Whig says: "Even now, the farmers, very generally—we might almost say universally—find their farms overstocked with slaves, who destroy all their profits, and render it an exceedingly difficult matter to make both ends of the year meet. In very many cases, the farmers have gone in debt, and have been compelled to part, at a great sacrifice, with both lands and slaves. In others they have been forced to dispose of their lands at a loss, and remove with their slaves to other countries, where labor is more profitable. In the vast majority of instances, this superabundance of wealth has manifested itself in worn out lands, and a curtailment of those very comforts which are the boast of Virginia. There can be no doubt, that by a reduction of the number of slaves, these expenses would be greatly lessened, and these comforts greatly enhanced. Such was the opinion of Mr. Bruce, before alluded to; and such are the teachings of reason and experience, which tell us that too much labor is fully as bad as too little."

Slavery in Missouri.—The *People's Organ*, a journal published in Missouri, says the slaveholders in that State are estimated not to exceed twelve thousand. They own nearly half a million of slaves, and there are nearly a million of inhabitants who own 20 slaves, and have no interest in keeping up or extending the institution of slavery.

New Declaration of Independence.

The *Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph* goes for a commercial non-intercourse with the North, and having for once got some Southern paper on which to print its nullification bluster, it claps its soft hands with the delight of a big baby with a new dress, and shouts in triumph as though its great aim was about to be won. Like the old granny in the story, who had always lived by borrowing, till some Yankee pedlar persuaded her to buy a pair, the *Telegraph* resolves "neither to borrow nor lend;" though like the same old lady, after she had burnt up her pail by using it as a kettle, its resolution may change with a farther experience, that it will again conclude to "borrow and lend," as before. But hear this new revolutionist talk:

"The sneer so long applicable to us of advocating non-intercourse with the North, on a sheet printed on Northern paper, is no longer so—the *Telegraph* (both daily and tri-weekly) being now printed on paper manufactured by the Messrs. McBay, at Greenville, in this State. The quality of the paper will compare favorably with that furnished by Northern manufacturers, and is a better article than they can furnish here for the same price; which proves conclusively the capacity of our own citizens to compete successfully with Northern by Southern enterprise."

The editor calls for the establishment of type foundries, &c., in South Carolina, that they may be in no way dependent on the North. Cannot some enterprising Yankee answer to the call, and ingeniously turn the Southern exclusiveness to his own account, very probably has already been done in the manufacture of that new paper.

The next thing that we shall expect to hear of this champion of a new independence is an echo of the call of the Richmond Whig to Northern artisans and capitalists and capitalists to emigrate to the South, and improve the idle resources of the country. There is something supremely ludicrous in the mimic pride and independence of the paper tyrants of the South.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Slavery and Duelling—Infamy and Honor.

Dr. B. F. Bodinger, an eminent citizen of Boone county, Ky., is writing a series of able and eloquent papers in the *Covington Journal* against slavery and in favor of emancipation. The following extract exposes to censure a horrid crime, the spirit of which we know from observation, is nourished by slavery; but it is a crime (strange to say, but not stranger than other delusions which are the offspring of slavery,) which is deemed a proof of nobleness of spirit in slaveholding communities. The eloquence and sarcasm of Dr. B. are equally forcible:

"Your slaveholder is a cavalier, and is wont to talk a great deal about chivalry. His son is a gentleman of leisure—he is brought up to command the slave, who is bound to obey. He quickly learns to use the lash.—He has leisure to practice with the bow-knife. He learns to flourish the bow-knife. Self-confident, he stands ready for a row, a scrap, a duel, or what not. When working men fight and kill, it is manslaughter, and they are punished. When duels among gentlemen end in death, they die on the field of honor, and the slayer reaps renown. Having pinned his friend, he assumes consequences—becomes arrogant and offensive, and is often the scourge of that society which, by its false opinions, has made the worst of crimes. So far from slavery being conducive to good government, good morals, or national wealth and prosperity, I hold it to be the very bane of each and all."

Southern Opinions of Mr. Fisher's Lecture.

The Richmond (Va.) Whig, speaking of the articles of "Justice" in the *Louisville Journal*, expresses its disapprobation of Mr. Fisher's Lecture in strong terms. The *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle* quotes the article of the Richmond Whig, and seems not to feel the slightest sensation of gratitude to Mr. Fisher for his disinterested efforts to prove the South most prosperous and happy.—"Masters," says Dogberry to his prisoners, "it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be the right so shortly." This language seems now to be very applicable to Mr. Fisher, if we only change the word knave to some more appropriate term. The proving has already been done, and the thinking seems to be following very fast.

Mr. Fisher may exclaim—

"Happy they if they but know their bliss! But it seems they are not able to discover their bliss. Mr. F. proved to them that they had it; but when they put their fingers upon it, like Paddy's hen, 'it wasn't there.' Some of them put their hands into their pockets, expecting to find their purses distended with golden eagles; but the fecundity of the purses showed that the words of their great advocates had not filled them. Words are fine things in their way—nothing better—but they will not fill purses. Golden eagles have wings, and he who expects to keep them from flying, by throwing rhetorical salt upon their tails will find himself deceived."

Mr. Fisher is a kind of Don Quixote in love. He flatters his Deliciana in the most extravagant terms. He praises her delicate features, the heavenly blue of her eyes, the sweetness of her breath, the music of her voice, and her youthful bloom. But his mistress tells him tell she does not believe a word of it; that her features are coarse; her eyes of a dull gray; her breath loaded with the fumes of garlic; her voice like that of a peacock; and that instead of being young, she is full of wrinkles. Mr. Fisher is evidently a rejected suitor.—*Louisville Examiner.*

The *ASTOR PLACE RIOT*.—Twenty-one of the Astor Place rioters have been indicted by the Grand Jury.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

We have already given the particulars of Mr. Clay's fatal attack with Turner, as they were published by a friend of his. We have now before us a letter from Mr. Clay himself, dictated from his sick-bed, in which the same circumstances are stated at greater length, and some farther particulars given. As to the origin of the difficulty, Mr. Clay's account presents nothing new. His opponents were exceedingly abusive, and willing, perhaps desirous, to provoke a quarrel. He says:

I now began to feel for the first time that there was a concerted purpose to defame, silence, and, perhaps, assault me. I went into the room where my carpet bag was lodged, and put on a knife seven inches in length, and an inch in breadth, which I usually carry for self-defense, and returned to the stand; for my instinct as a man, as well as my usefulness as a citizen, had determined me never to submit to a personal insult. I do not deny that I have other and more efficient weapons of defense than this knife, but so slight was my apprehension of assault that I was lulled into false security.

When a man arms himself with a knife, expecting to be assaulted, and with a determination "never to submit to personal insult," he need not be long in finding occasion to fight. After Mr. Clay had concluded a speech and descended from the platform, Cyrus Turner gave him the lie and struck him simultaneously. If he had borne this insult with meekness and Christian dignity, refusing to make himself a brute, the affair would probably have ended without bloodshed. Of what took place after this he gives the following account:

I threw off my cloak and attempted to draw my knife; C. Turner caught my hand, but I at length succeeded in drawing it. As quick as thought my hand was seized by a third party; Turner then let me go, and commenced striking me feebly in the face with his fist, and the knife was wrested from my hand.

I then struck Turner a violent blow on his left cheek with my hand, which staggered him back against the crowd; whether he fell or not I don't know. Being assailed from behind, I turned, and seeing my knife in the possession of some persons, for which apparently there seemed to be a struggle, I seized it with my right hand, and by twisting it with my left, (cutting three of my fingers,) I succeeded in recovering it. For a short time I was insensible, probably the effect of violent blows; I then heard the bursting of a cap; I found I was unable to see, I therefore retreated a few paces out of the dense crowd. My son Warfield, fourteen years old, came up to me crying, and offered me an old pistol, three inch barrel, which I had given him some years before; this I rejected as an inefficient weapon. So soon as I recovered my sight and perceived where Cyrus Turner was, I made towards him; he retreated with the crowd. The crowd giving way behind him, he fell, when I attempted to strike, or did strike him in the abdomen with my knife. I was then home again, believing myself mortally wounded; I appealed to the crowd to witness that I fell in defence of the liberties of the people.

My first impression was that the man who took my knife from me had stabbed me with my own knife; but every one who has seen the wound and the knife, pronounces it physically impossible. I was struck on the fifth right rib, the knife turned partially round and passed up in the direction of the left breast. I do not remember at what time I was stabbed; I know neither who took the knife, nor who stabbed me—Cyrus Turner admitted that he did not. I know not who struck me—it is admitted on all hands by friend and foe, that Alfred Turner, (cousin of Squire Turner,) struck me several violent blows with a stick. Thomas Turner admits that he buried three caps at me with a six barrel revolver, and was proceeding to fire on me, when my friend Wm. Wilkerson threw him under the table; whilst many others, whom I forbore to name at present, seemed to be aiding and abetting. My friend Wiatt Wilkerson was badly cut in the arm with a knife. I supposed for several days that I was stabbed in the right side, near the back bone, but it must have been the result of a severe blow; I suffered acute pain in my right shoulder for near ten days; this too was produced by severe blows.

It is probable I had as many friends on the ground as Turner, but they were paralyzed by surprise, whilst I must do my opponents the justice to say, that they acted with a speed, concentration and energy worthy a better cause and better success. After I was borne into the house, I could hear C. Turner's groans in another room; I asked what was his condition? I was told that he was not fatally wounded. I then sent him word that "I rejoiced that I had not given him a fatal wound;" he returned for answer, "that he had not stabbed me;" and I understood before his death imputed no blame to me.

Truth requires me to say that Cyrus Turner's life and character inspired me with the same respect which is felt by the citizens of Madison county generally. Whilst I regret his death, not upon me rests the responsibility of its necessity.

Thus it appears that Mr. Clay struck Turner the fatal blow when he supposed himself mortally wounded. That he expected would be the closing deed of his life! And what a deed to commit at such a moment! It was not necessary for self-defense—it was pure retaliation. And yet when he had done all he could to kill his antagonist, and heard that he was likely to live in spite of him, he mocks his dying agonies by sending word that he rejoiced that he had not given him a fatal wound! This may all be according to the code of retaliation and revenge, but how it appears in the light of Christ's precepts and example! Let it be remembered, however, that Mr. Clay acted on a principle sanctioned by the great body of our religious teachers. In an age when the Church herself is polluted with blood, it would be hardly reasonable to expect our politicians to be Christians.

Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, JULY 21, 1849.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS." Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

The Summer Campaign.

To the Abolitionists of Ohio:

We propose to convene our meetings in the large tent this Summer, on the 14th of August, at Massillon; next at Marlborough, and then at Salem, if the time does not interfere with the Yearly Meeting of Friends at that place. We wish also to raise the Tent at Youngstown, New Lyme, Chagrin Falls, and Ravenna, and in one place west of the Cuyahoga, if the friends in those places think it desirable. Will they please signify their assent, or dissent, by letters to James Barnaby or the Editor of the Bugle.

If the friends of the cause approve of the arrangement, wherever the Tent is raised we will hold an Anti-Slavery Meeting, or Convention, one day and part of another, and keep the Tent standing a day for the purpose of a social gathering or Pic Nic, and addresses from Henry C. Wright and others to the children, and also to the grown, as may seem best. Such a gathering in the Tent last year at Marlborough with a Pic Nic and addresses from H. C. Wright and C. C. Burleigh to the children, was the occasion of one of the most interesting times I ever witnessed, and perhaps the day could not have been more profitably spent.

What say you, friends! Please let us know your minds. Other meetings will be held at various points which cannot yet well be determined on, but at which we do not propose to use the Tent; but if there are other places than those mentioned where the friends wish it used, they will please make application by letter to Salem.

SAM'L BROOKE.

Northampton, Mass., June 10, 1849.

[It is understood that PARKER PILLSBURY, HENRY C. WRIGHT, and others, will attend the meetings above referred to. The time named for the gathering in Salem it is thought will be too near Friends' Yearly Meeting; but that can be arranged hereafter.—Ed. Bugle.]

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGREGATIONAL FRIENDS.

A pamphlet copy of the Proceedings of the Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends, held at Waterloo, N. Y., in June last, has been sent to us. Besides the Minutes, Addresses, Epistles, &c., adopted by the meeting, the pamphlet contains (in an Appendix) two documents, heretofore published but necessary to a full understanding of this new Religious Movement, viz: An Address to Friends of the Yearly Meeting and elsewhere, issued by a Conference of Friends, held in Farmington, N. Y., in June, 1848; and a "Basis of Religious Association," adopted by a similar Conference, held at the same place in October following. This pamphlet, therefore, contains a complete history of a religious movement more important, we venture to say, than any other that has occurred in our country for many years. It is interesting to Reformers of all classes, particularly to those members of the popular sects who have felt themselves oppressed by the hand of religious bigotry and intolerance. We have already published one of the Addresses issued by the Waterloo Meeting, and shall publish the other next week. Our readers may expect a rich treat.

PATRIARCHAL ANNOYANCES.—We must claim the sympathy of our readers for the Editor of the Savannah Republican, whose feelings have recently been subjected to an outrage, of which we find it difficult to speak with the calmness and dignity which become every allusion to the Patriarchal system. Being in the street of a Saturday evening, he saw a man puffing the smoke of his cigar into the face of a lady. Any man might be expected to be indignant at witnessing such a violation of good manners, but this was by no means the chief trouble of the gallant Editor. The circumstance which absolutely shocked him was, that the smoker was a colored man! And, what constituted an aggravation of the offence, he was violating one of the sacred statutes of the enlightened city of Savannah, which restricts the right to smoke in the streets and puff the noxious vapor in the faces of the ladies, to men of a white complexion! But this is by no means the whole of the Republican's troubles. The blacks have the impudence to be fond of dress, and even imitate moccasins and moccasins in the cut of their garments, thus breaking down all wholesome distinctions; for how can a white lady feel comfortable in her new tunic, when she sees Dinah encoined in one of the same cut? And then, too, colored girls, not yet out of their teens, wear lace on their mantles! What a deal of trouble our modern patriarchy are subjected to, to be sure!

HONORS TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—The colored citizens of Columbus have made arrangements to give Frederick Douglass a public escort into that place on his arrival. They will hear of his sickness with deep regret.

Sickness of Frederick Douglass.

The North Star of the 13th inst. brings the painful intelligence, just then received at Rochester, that FREDERICK DOUGLASS was sick at Windsor, Canada West, and had been compelled to postpone his visit to Cincinnati and other places at the West, where appointments have been made for him. This will be sad news to thousands, who were anticipating the pleasure of seeing and hearing this eloquent champion of Freedom, and bidding him God-speed in his arduous labors. The colored people of Cincinnati, in particular, will be bitterly disappointed. They had placed great reliance upon his presence and co-operation at their celebration of the First of August. The disease of Mr. Douglass is a "low fever." If he recovered sufficiently, he might proceed with his tour as far as practicable; but it was most probable that he would return to Rochester as soon as he should be able to bear the fatigue of traveling.

Whether Mr. Remond, who was to accompany Mr. Douglass in his tour, will fulfil the appointments made, or relinquish the plan, is not stated.

TRoubles of the South.—The cherished idol of our Southern brethren gives them a vast deal of trouble and perplexity, and often sets opposite interests in a position of uncomfortable antagonism. The unprofitableness of ordinary slave labor leads many masters into pecuniary embarrassment; but, unwilling to attribute the difficulty to the right cause, they seek relief by employing their slaves in those branches of mechanical labor which command a higher profit. This at once raises a storm among white mechanics, who protest against elevating negroes to the rank of apprentices, and threaten, if the practice is not stopped, to pour out their long-nursed wrath in a grand consuming flame, which even the civil authorities cannot quench. Precisely this state of things exists now in some parts of Georgia, and the press is giving utterance to the complaints and threats of the mechanics. The path of justice is the path of safety. Let the South abolish her slavery and recognize the doctrine of human equality, and troubles of this sort would not occur. The effort of one portion of the race to enslave another always tends to destroy the peace and security of the oppressor as well as the happiness of the oppressed.

BENEFITS OF SLAVERY.—The South Carolina Telegraph, by way of retort, speaks of the mobs, which sometimes occur in the Free States, as the "peculiar institutions" of the North, and claims that the "conservative power" of the Union exists in the South. This is rather unkind to the allies of slavery among us, especially when it is considered that the recent riots are only the legitimate fruits of the immunity acquired by mobocrats in their efforts a few years since to put down the Abolitionists. Our Southern brethren should not be so ungrateful. The Telegraph attributes the late riots to the Agrarian tendencies of the poor and their hostility to the rich. At the South there is no danger from this source, the rich in that part of the country putting the poor into their pockets as so much property, and thus saving their institutions from peril. The Telegraph has probably forgotten the Southampton insurrection, to say nothing of that which occurred in Charleston at a prior date. The idea of putting down mobs by enslaving the laboring masses is worthy of the fame of South Carolina. We are afraid, however, that the people of the North are not yet sufficiently enlightened to put it in practice. O tempora, O mores!

TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.—The New Orleans Courier is awfully "skereed" because the Governor of that State is about to give a charter to a lodge of colored Freemasons. What! exclaims the Editor, "a secret society of colored men, many of whom may be fresh from the Abolition dens (O horrible!) of Philadelphia and New York, in the city of New Orleans!" His "monstrously impudent" in the free negroes to request such a grant, and the lodge, even if legally chartered, "would certainly lead to serious violations of the peace." All this affords fresh evidence of the hatred and jealousy toward free colored people existing in New Orleans, and of the readiness of the slaveholders to resort to Lynch law for the protection of their cherished institution. Down with the Constitution which binds the Free States in alliance with such monsters!

DISCREPANCY.—While Joseph Dugdale was on his recent visit to the East, he was invited to hold a meeting in the Friends Yearly meeting-house at Farmington, N. Y. The invitation came from members of the Genesee Yearly Meeting, then in session. After notice of the meeting had been given, Nicholas Brown, (the same man who, at the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, expatiated upon the happy condition of the slaves, compared with that of the free colored people of the North,) rose and expressed the hope that the meeting-house would be closed against Joseph; and it was closed accordingly, both doors and windows being nailed up. Eliza Doty, a member of the Society, and a man with a heart in his bosom, succeeded in effecting an entrance, and Joseph had an audience of probably seven or eight hundred people. Many of those who differed from the radical reformers felt the closing of the house to be an outrage, and bore their testimony against it.

Great Gathering of Massachusetts Abolitionists on the Fourth.

Correspondence of the Bugle.

Boston, July 6, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON:

You have so recently become a Western man, that you cannot have ceased to feel the personal, direct interest in our Eastern operations that you have been wont to feel, and have so steadfastly manifested. And I know, therefore, that you will be pleased to hear of the good time which the Massachusetts abolitionists had on the Fourth of July; and per-adventure some of the readers of the Bugle may feel an equal or similar interest with yourself; for our cause is one; the work of each becomes, in a sense, the work of every other; and surely the pleasures and successes of each portion of the body become at once common to the whole—the pleasure and the success of all.

The Fourth of July was a remarkably comfortable day hereabouts, a moderate sea-breeze, and a thin veiling of clouds securing us from the intense heat we are sure to have from an unclouded July sun. The Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society had voted to make common cause with the Abolitionists of Plymouth County—the "Old Colony"—on that day, and to join in their proposed meeting at Abington. This town lies just midway between Boston and Plymouth, and is a favorable spot for assembling the Anti-Slavery men and women of that region. Moreover, it was one of the most beautiful Groves, and well adapted for picnic gatherings, that ever eye beheld. Soon after 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 4th, there had assembled in that Grove about 4000, (it was estimated), and in the course of the day the numbers increased at least one thousand; some careful reckoners put the whole number present as high as 6000. Be the numbers what they might, there was a vast concourse of people. The Old Colony Railroad Company had manifested a most accommodating disposition towards such as desired to pass over their road, deducting one-half from the usual fare, and setting us down on the very border of the Grove. Our Abington friends had taken care that suitable provision should be made for the amusement of the younger portion of the assembly, and seats, as well as a good speakers' stand, for that larger portion who, in their hearts, had consecrated the day to the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause. At 11 o'clock all arrangements were made for the organization of the meeting. EDWARD QUINCY, of Dedham, being chosen to preside. A prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Hewett, of Hanson, who for several years has been President of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society; and one of Mr. Pierpont's noblest Anti-Slavery odes was sung. Mr. Quincy made an excellent opening address, justly setting forth the elevated moral position of the Anti-Slavery Society, a position far higher than the Church of the land has ever ventured to take. He invited remark from all present.

We were then addressed by WILLIAM W. BROWN, who described with the keenest effect the situation of himself and thousands of others in the Northern States, as well as the millions of enslaved at the South, over whom that Constitution, which would be so eulogized that day as the palladium of liberty, extended no protection whatever, but, on the contrary, by means of which every right and privilege pertaining to humanity is denied to them, and the men who claimed to be their owners are protected and defended in the exercise of their abhorred tyranny, with all its unspeakable woes.

Mr. GARRISON alluded to the fact that our friend Brown was about to sail for Europe, and that he had been elected a delegate to the Peace Convention which is expected to be held in Paris in August. Mr. Brown will spend the greater part of his time in Great Britain; however. The friendship and cordial good wishes of very many on this side the water will go with him.

Rev. CALVIN STETSON, recently of Medford, now of South Scituate, in Plymouth Co., gave us a very earnest speech, in which his hearers were evidently deeply interested. He spoke of the great and divine idea of man's brotherhood, and his equal right to all means and opportunities of growth and improvement, which idea, in spite of our Constitution, where "the liberties of millions of men were coolly bargained away," in spite of the increased sway of Slavery and the extension of slave-territory, he believed had been steadily gaining ground, and was now rapidly extending and taking deep root in the hearts of the people of this country. Even Henry Clay and Thomas H. Benton had been compelled to do homage to this idea, miserable as was the advice of the former, inconsistent and contradictory as was the position of the latter. He looked upon these men as instruments—though unconscious or unwilling instruments—of carrying still farther onward the love and promise of universal freedom.

Songs were sung, and a recess of an hour was taken, in which the vast assembly, separating into little groups, took their refreshments, or walked among the trees and by the side of the pretty sheet of water which nearly made our grove an island. Gathering then again about the speakers' stand, and occupying every foot of ground within hearing distance, for two and a half hours more that great audience listened with the closest attention and interest to one of the

most eloquent speeches which our devoted and eloquent co-laborer, WENDELL PHILLIPS, ever made, and which it was utterly futile that I should attempt even to sketch,—and subsequently to the narrative of Henry Brown, now generally known here as Henry Box Brown, in allusion to the manner of his escape from slavery. After enduring the most cruel indignities from his mean-spirited owner, being deceived and trifled with in the grossest manner, and seeing his wife and children sold and carried off in a gang of slaves for some Southern plantation, and he had become well-nigh broken-hearted, he determined to live a slave no longer, but to effect his escape or die in the attempt.—With the aid of one or two white persons, who meanly exacted more than a hundred dollars from him, as well as all his clothing, for the aid given him, he procured a box to be made, three feet and one inch long, two feet six inches deep, and two feet wide, in which he suffered himself to be nailed up, was then committed to the Express carrier, and after a passage of 27 hours over Railroads and by steamboats, was left at his destination in Philadelphia, alive, to the utter astonishment of all who witnessed the fact—and more especially after learning how badly the box had been tumbled about in its transit, and sometimes so placed as to bring its suffering occupant with his head downward for a long space of time. This narration, particularly where Brown described his last parting with his wife and boys, was deeply affecting, and brought tears into many eyes.

But the time was exhausted, and it was necessary that we should separate. After singing the spirited Anti-Slavery Song, "Come all who claim the freeman's name," the meeting was dissolved, and soon the crowd began to issue forth in every direction from the grove towards their separate homes. So far as I have learned, no accident or mishap occurred to any to mar the pleasure and profit of the day. A more orderly assemblage I venture to say, the world could hardly show than this had been; and it is not possible but that a deep and lasting effect was produced. Such earnest, thorough, fearless utterance, backed by such weighty and indisputable facts, must be deeply pondered in every reflecting and truth-loving mind, and plant seeds there which yet will bring forth an hundred fold in blessing and redemption to man, which is the only way in which we can do any thing to the glory of God.

I must not write any more; I have to offer you my congratulations, dear Johnson, and best wishes in your new and responsible post. Believe me, your friend and fellow servant, SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

A Warrior Canonized.

Every body has heard of the late General Gaines, the man who led our army during a part of the Florida War, and who was so eager, in his old age, to signalize himself by his zeal against Mexico, in our late disgraceful and bloody war with that country, that he could not wait for orders from his superior, but called out troops contrary to law. Well, this professional old butcher has found a eulogist in the person of Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, a Universalist, and the same man who blasphemed God by accusing him of "dealing in slaves." The saint and the eulogist are alike worthy of each other. Mr. Clapp declares he "never was acquainted with a man so deeply pious, so very devout, and one possessed of so remarkable a spirit of forgiveness!" We shall expect to hear next from this Reverend exemplifier of American morals and religion that Beelzebub is the most eminent and worthy of the whole line of saints and martyrs!

Republic of Sierra Madre.

We find in the Washington Globe a document purporting to be the Declaration of Independence of the seven Northern States of the Sierra Madre of Mexico. It is a parody upon the American Declaration, and in its specification of grievances we find the following:

"Tired of the National Declaration that slavery shall not exist in our land, when peonage, a system of business and cruel, exists unrestricted and unnoticed: we declare ourselves Free."

Mark: they are not tired of the cruel and hideous system of peonage, O no! The patriots are in affliction because the Mexican government has abolished Slavery! For this they tell us "swords are drawn—scabbards are cast aside." For this they exclaim "Death to tyrants." Whether this Declaration is a reality or a fiction, we know not; but we have not forgotten the scheme, partially disclosed on the breaking up of the Mexican war, to revolutionize the States of the Sierra Madre, as Texas was revolutionized, for the introduction of Slavery. Perhaps this document, dated at Matamoros, June 16, is another leaf in the history of this dark plot. We shall see.

SUMMER: A Poem. By R. Burns Foss.—This piece of rhyme comes from Rhode Island—not in a fashionable thin volume, elegantly bound, but on a broad and not very white sheet, presenting the appearance of a handbill. We have often seen poorer poetry in a more pretentious dress. Its home-made, rustic aspect commends it to our regard, and its picture of life on the farm, if not equal to Thompson's, is yet poetic and truthful. The author, we believe, is a brother of the Editor of the Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot.

Henry C. Wright—Children's Pic Nic.

MASSILLON, July 4th, 1849.

To the Editor of the Bugle:

By invitation of the Trustees and Examining Committee of the Public Schools of this town, I came here to address the children, at their Pic Nic, to be held this day. The Schools are all collected into one large building, with various and convenient apartments. There is a large yard filled with shade trees, for a play ground. Over 300 children, from 4 to 15, were gathered to-day, at 10 A. M., and addressed by several, on living together in peace and love, without any quarreling, and on other topics appropriate to their age and relations. Many parents were present, and deeply sympathized in the scene. At noon the meeting adjourned to partake of the Pic Nic. They gathered around a table spread under the trees, in the play ground, and there parents and children enjoyed a happiness which only parents and children can feel. It was a beautiful and happy scene, and no one could view it and partake in it, and not fervently wish that all the children in Ohio might have at least one such season of enjoyment with their parents every summer.

At 2 the children assembled again, and a little penny book, entitled "A Kiss for a Blow," was given to each child. I expect to attend several Pic Nics with children in this State during the Summer, to hold a talk with them about the best way to overcome our enemies, and to treat those who are angry with us and try to injure us, and to show children how to play, work, and live together without quarreling. It is proposed to hold a Pic Nic with the children of Salem on Tuesday, Aug. 7th, and with the children of New Lisbon on Thursday, Aug. 9th. You will greatly oblige those in Salem and New Lisbon, interested in these pleasant and profitable gatherings of the children, if you will notice them in your paper. The hour and place of meeting will be noticed in due time.

Respectfully yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

The Proposed Convention.

We have received two communications responding affirmatively to the proposition for a Young Men's and Women's Convention, and offering suggestions as to the time and place for holding and the manner of calling it. They will appear next week, with such others as may come seasonably to hand. We again remind our friends that the question is before them in Committee of the Whole, and subject to their decision. Do speak your minds promptly, friends! If any are so old as not to esteem themselves young, we wish to hear from them none the less on that account. Their concurrence in the measure is important to its success, and their judgment, if against it, is entitled to respect. We hope to receive many letters from various parts of the field in season for the next paper. SPEAK UP!

EDUCATION OF COLORED PEOPLE IN OHIO.—A. J. Anderson, of Hamilton, O., writes to the North Star that the cause of Education among the People of Color in this State has received a strong impetus since the repeal, in part, of the odious Black Laws. There is a great demand for teachers, and it is quite evident that this long oppressed class are fast coming to a knowledge of the truth that they are responsible, to the extent of their example and co-operation, for the success of all future undertakings affecting their general welfare. One of the most flourishing Colored Schools in the State is that at Hamilton, taught by John A. Warren, late of Philadelphia. These are cheering statements, and we hope the day is not distant when the colored people of Ohio will enjoy and appreciate all their rights.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—The first number of this new journal has been received.—It takes the place of the Harbinger and the Universalist, and, under the editorial supervision of William Henry Channing, will combine many of the excellencies of both its predecessors. Mr. Channing is a Philanthropist and a Reformer, in the best sense of those words, and therefore comes as near to our ideal of a Christian as any man living. The Spirit of the Age seeks as its end the peaceful transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests, from competitive to co-operative industry, from dissimilarity to unity. It will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man and the Divine Being.

The publishers of this journal are Fowler and Wells, whose business energy and tact are all that could be desired. It is printed weekly, on a super-royal octavo sheet, folded into 16 pp. Terms, \$2. We hope to find room for extracts from the Prospectus hereafter.

Time to Do Something.—The Christian Citizen, alluding to the late Reform Quaker meeting at Waterloo, pithily says: "After voting for Gen. Zachary Taylor, fresh from the work of human butchery in Mexico, as thousands of them did, we do not wonder that some of our Quaker brethren think it high time to agitate a reform. We earnestly hope that they will succeed in such a laudable endeavor."

Withdrawal of James Westfall.

To the Members of the Western Anti-Slavery Society:

DEAR FRIENDS: I feel that justice to myself and you demands a short explanation with reference to the difficulty which arose between J. W. Walker, B. Jones and myself at the last Anniversary. I was urged to make a donation of ten dollars to the Society; in addition to that I was appointed one of the Executive Committee. I not only refused to pay ten dollars, but to serve on the Committee. I was urged for my reasons: I had long stated that it was my opinion that the money of the Society had not been expended to the best advantage, therefore I was not willing to shoulder the debt of the Society. I was urged to say in what case. I stated that J. W. Walker and B. Jones had been receiving \$400 each per year, which, in my opinion, was too much. I now say that I have no confidence in any man who professes to sympathize with the slave, and will not labor for his emancipation for less than \$100 per year. I then said I could not see why a man should have \$400 per year for writing the pen, and but \$150 for writing the manuscript or short. I went in for equality; I was immediately dragged into the meeting, where, instead of using argument to convince me I was in error, I was insulted and abused. The amount of meanness exhibited completely unmanned me, which is my only apology for not making a stronger defence. I did not because my position was not true. Dear friends, I have been identified with you in the great Western movement for the last four years. I have found in your society many congenial organizations and worthy friends, the memory of whom I expect to reverse; but I can remain with you no longer; I must be free—I will be free. I can no longer submit to the dictates of a tyrannous priesthood. I claim a right to the keeping of my own conscience and the control of my own purse. You boast of the freedom of your platform. It is all a farce. I have seen meanness tyrannous exhibited upon the Western Anti-Slavery platform than I have ever seen upon any other. Take for instance the case of Mr. Preston at your last meeting. He was welcomed to your stand, then insulted and abused, his motives were impugned. I have known Mr. Preston from a boy. He is a young man of truthfulness and integrity, a friend of the slave. In leaving your Society I do not expect to cease laboring for the oppressed. I can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, entertain strangers, and plead for outraged humanity, all without belonging to any organized faction. Therefore stand aloof from all organizations. They all have their priesthood.

JAMES WESTFALL.

Augusta, Carroll Co., O.,
July 8th, 1849.

N. B. Will friend Johnson give the above note a place in the Bugle, and oblige
J. W.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

Controversy of the sort which the foregoing letter is calculated to provoke is extremely distasteful to us, and if we did not fear that silence on our part might be misunderstood, we would say not a word. The letter contains some pretty severe accusations against the Western Anti-Slavery Society and its prominent friends, to which some reply seems to be necessary. We are pained by the appearance of such a letter, chiefly on account of its author, who, we are persuaded, has taken a step which, in his cooler moments, and on farther reflection, he will sincerely regret. To say nothing of the temper he exhibits, just look for a moment at the unfairness of his statements and the unreasonableness of his conclusions.

In the discharge of their duties during the last year, the Executive Committee incurred heavy pecuniary liabilities, to meet which it was necessary for them to call upon the Society for contributions. The author of the foregoing letter was a member of the Society, and as he was known to be in prosperous circumstances, he was urged to put down his name with others for \$10. Of course it was his right to give or withhold, as it was that of Society to ask. If he had simply refused to subscribe, his associates would have made no complaint, though they might have thought him ungenerous. But he did more. When called upon by his friends to state the reason of his refusal, he virtually accused them of misapplying the funds committed to their charge. This was a serious accusation, and as the private statement of it, under circumstances precluding reply or explanation, had done and was likely to do mischief, Mr. Westfall was urged to express his sentiments manfully in open meeting, and thus afford the accused parties an opportunity to defend themselves. Thus and thus only was the matter "dragged into the meeting." He now tells the public that he was treated to insult, abuse and meanness, instead of argument. Those who witnessed what took place can judge for themselves whether or not this statement is true. Those who were not there will hardly believe, without other testimony, that such men as B. Jones and J. W. Walker were guilty of the conduct ascribed to them. That they spoke with plainness and severity, we admit; Mr. Westfall, considering the nature of his accusations, could hardly expect any thing else; but we thought their arguments much harder than their words. If they were not as good-natured as they ought to have been, Mr. W. should consider that his own course was not very well calculated to develop in them the virtue of patience. To charge men, who are spending their strength in a good cause, with wrongfully taking money from its treasury, is no light matter.

The absurdity of Mr. Westfall's reasoning on the subject of salaries must be apparent to every body who will give it a moment's attention. He would have an anti-slavery agent paid only \$150 a year, because that is the price of hired labor on the farm. Why did he not go one step farther and say, that an agent should work for nothing, because

that is the lot of the slaves? The truth is, that the hard-working farm laborer is not paid enough, and if Mr. Westfall would give a practical illustration of his love of equality, he can do it quite as effectually by raising the wages of his hired man, as by an unworthy effort to diminish the compensation of anti-slavery agents. Why not level up as well as down? Besides, Mr. W. forgets, what he was reminded of at the meeting, that while the anti-slavery agent bears his own traveling and other expenses, the hired man is boarded by his employer; a circumstance which makes a material difference in the footing of their respective accounts.

Mr. Westfall, like many others, appears to entertain the notion that a public laborer in a benevolent enterprise is under a special and peculiar obligation to be self-sacrificing in its behalf. Others are at liberty to spend their time in money-making, to save from \$500 to \$1,000, or more, if possible, every year, and while they profess to sympathize with the oppressed, contribute perhaps but a paltry dollar for their relief; while he who leaves his family and his business, at the earnest solicitation of his brethren, to become a public laborer, and breast the tide of popular odium, must work for the smallest pittance that will keep body and soul together, and abandon all thought of laying up any thing for rainy day, on peril of being denounced as insincere and mercenary! This does not square with our notions of 'equality.' There is, in the code of justice, but one law for the private abolitionist and the public laborer in the cause. If James Walker is bound to plead for the slave for no compensation beyond what is necessary to procure his food and raiment, then is James Westfall, by the same rule, bound to give to the cause the whole proceeds of his farm, reserving only enough to supply his absolute wants. It will be time enough for him to apply his rule to others when he has proved his willingness to abide by it himself. We don't know why an Abolitionist who lives on a farm should be exempt from any rule of morality, or obligation of benevolence, that applies to men who are not fortunate enough to own farms, or any thing else. If our friend did not repudiate the Scriptures, we should suspect him of an effort to apply to this particular case the paradoxical rule, that "whosoever hath [a farm] to him shall be given, and from him that hath not [a farm] shall be taken away even that he hath."

Some people appear to have an idea that anti-slavery lecturers are a set of men incapable of getting a living by ordinary means, and that it is a deed of charity and mercy on the part of their brother Abolitionists to keep them out of temptation, by giving them plenty of work and scanty pay. It is time the relation of the parties to each other and the cause were better understood. Our own view of the matter is, that lecturers are selected by abolitionists to do their work, and that it is mean and dishonorable in them to refuse to pay what they would demand, in an exchange of circumstances, a fair compensation for their own labor. If a man qualified for usefulness as a lecturer has a trade or occupation by which it is in his power to do more than barely earn his living, what right have his brethren, whose obligations to the cause are sacred as his own, to demand of him a sacrifice which they themselves are unwilling to make? Why ought they not to treat him, in this as in other respects, as an equal? The work to be done in order to free the slave is as much theirs as his. Why then should they regard him as a mere pensioner upon their bounty, to be kept near the starving point as possible, while they go on adding acre to acre? Can any body give a sound reason for such inequality? James Walker offered to exchange the profits of his anti-slavery labors during the past year for the net product of James Westfall's farm, but the offer was not accepted. Is the latter under less obligation than the former to sympathize with the slave? Has Mr. Westfall 'confidence' in himself? Why then should he have 'no confidence' in Mr. Walker?

One word more on the subject of salaries. Those who do not, and some of those who do, buy what they consume, often have a very inadequate idea of the cost of living. They keep no accounts either of income or expenditure, and because a small amount of money passes through their hands, they imagine that they live extremely cheap. If this class of persons would only examine, they would often be astonished at the amount they expend. They might even find that their living costs more than is paid to the agents with whose compensation they are so ready to find fault. Mr. Westfall says that our boasts of the freedom of our platform are "all a farce," and he refers to the treatment received by Mr. Preston at our late anniversary in proof of this serious charge. That gentlemen, we are told, was welcomed to the stand, and then insulted and abused. That one speaker on our side did reply to Mr. P. with a harshness which many members of the Society thought unjustifiable, we freely acknowledge; but this is a singular fact to be alleged as a proof that our platform is not free! Would it have been more free, if we had gagged the man who replied to Mr. Preston so harshly? Or must we, in order to justify our boasts of a free platform, expel our friends for an injudicious word uttered in the heat of debate, and concede the right of our opponents to do all the speaking and voting? Besides, where

is the justice of holding the whole Society responsible for the error of a single individual? If Mr. P. was "insulted and abused,"—which we do not admit—the responsibility rests upon the individual who thus treated him. The Society has never expressed any approbation of his remarks, and the man is not its agent, nor even a member.

The Western Anti-Slavery Society respects the right of the humblest member to withdraw from the organization. It will issue no papal denunciation of Mr. Westfall. It will not seek to injure his character or destroy his influence. It does not claim that membership in a Society is the test of Anti-Slavery fidelity. The man who pleads for outraged humanity, and labors to the extent of his ability to break the chains of the slave, it will love and honor. If our seceding friend be found faithful, if he prove his faith by his works, those whom he has so hastily left will be ready to cry "Well done." The blow he inflicts upon his old friends at parting will leave no wound in their spirits; will awaken no sentiment of retaliation. They will forgive, as they hope to be forgiven.

Convention at Middleton.

An Anti-Slavery Convention is to be held at Middleton on Sunday next, at 2 o'clock. P. M. The Editor expects to be present with others to take part in the discussions. Let there be a full attendance.

OVERLIN.—We learn from the catalogue of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute that there are at present in the institution 433 students—266 males, 162 females. The number in the several departments is as follows: Theological, 27; College, 76; Teacher's Department, 20; Male Preparatory, 152; Young Ladies' Course, 117; Ladies' Preparatory, 34.

PRETTY GOOD.—The *Ram's* Horn says: "The Corporation of New York have very properly reciprocated the honors bestowed upon Mr. Frederick Douglass by the Corporation of Dublin, by their warm reception of the Rev. Mr. Mathew, the distinguished Irish philanthropist and promoter of the cause of temperance. This is truly gratifying, to see our authorities recognize the hospitalities thus bestowed by a foreign corporation upon an American citizen (colored though he was)." A fair hit, Mr. *Ram's* Horn, certainly; but what will the authorities of New York say to this application of the theory of reciprocity?

Prejudice Yielding.—The scholars of the Colored School in Boston were this year permitted, for the first time, to take their place with the pupils of the other schools in procession on the Fourth. The Liberator says the appearance of the colored lads and misses was so extremely neat and creditable as to elicit special commendation on the part of the spectators. Here is another fruit of the Anti-Slavery movement.

Pennsylvania A. S. Society.—Anniversary to be held on the 13th of August at Norris-town. W. L. Garrison and S. H. Gay are expected to attend.

THANKS TO S. MAY, JR., for his very acceptable and timely letter.

Another Great Gathering in Massachusetts.—The Abolitionists of the Bay State will celebrate the Anniversary of W. L. Emancipation on the 3d of August—the day of Saint Zachary's Anti-Cholera Fast!—by a grand Mass Meeting at Worcester, the 'Heart of the Commonwealth.'

The Publishers of the *Daily Globe*, Cincinnati, the *Daily Gazette*, Pittsburgh, and the *Daily True Democrat*, Cleveland, are requested to send their respective papers to the Anti-Slavery Bugle, Salem, O., receiving the latter in part payment, and sending their bills for the balance to James Barnaby, Publishing Agent.

PARIS PEACE CONGRESS.—The announcement that J. R. Giddings had gone as a delegate to this body proves incorrect. Ten delegates sailed recently from Boston in the Plymouth Rock. Others have gone from New York and Boston, and others still are to follow. The Christian Citizen says it is now definitely ascertained that the representation for the U. States will number at least fifty good men and true.

DEATH OF MRS. MADISON.—The venerable widow of the late Ex-President Madison died at Washington on the 13th. Her conduct toward her slaves within the last few years has awakened much indignation. Whether she made any provision for their emancipation or not, we do not know. Most people will not care. Though she sold women in the shambles, the press and people will unite in heaping honors upon her memory, and our popular divines will no doubt send her to heaven by their rood.

BUCHANAN AND BENTON.—The following resolution was adopted by acclamation at a Democratic Convention in Crawford county, Pa., on the 5th inst. It is a fair hit:

Resolved, That when we contrast the slavery letter of the Hon. James Buchanan, addressed to the Democracy of Berks county, commonly called the "Daisy Without Killers," with the address of Hon. Thomas H. Benton, hailing as he does from a slave State, it induces us to regret that Pennsylvania has not a Buchanan and Missouri a Buchanan.

The Contrast.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, on his way West, visited Niagara Falls, where from the Canadian side, he addressed a letter to the North Star, from which we copy the following extract. Americans! read it and b'w-h.

On reaching Niagara yesterday morning, and well knowing the proscription, rules of Hotels on the American side of the river, I accompanied a party of friends, came immediately to the Canadian side of the river. On reaching this shore, and being once again on the British flag, where a man is not treated according to his complexion, we felt like giving three cheers for Queen Victoria. It is astonishing that people living within a stone's throw of each other, should be so opposite in their tastes, feelings, and principles. On the American side, where liberty is the constant theme of boastful discourses; where every coin, from the cent to the eagle, is superscribed with "Liberty"; and where the oppressions of other nations are made the topics of conversation and reproach, a colored man, no matter how gentle in appearance, how exalted in character, how superior in intelligence he may be, is refused admittance into hotels and made the subject of insult and abuse; while on the Canadian side, where no such hostile pretensions are made, we witness an entire freedom from this proscription and vulgar prejudice. The hotel where we now are is the most popular place of resort among fashionable people on this side of the Falls. On making application for accommodation, I was received with that hearty good will, to which I am a stranger in the United States. There is no distinction here on account of color. The same parlor and the same table occupied by white persons, are free to us; and the host, for aught that I could see, was as attentive to our wants, and appeared as anxious for our happiness, as for that of any other persons under his roof. I think my hatred of American slavery has been tinged with a deeper hue by witnessing this striking contrast. Were it not cowardly, and perhaps selfish, I could wish to leave the United States, and become a resident in Canada. Lord Morpeth said, when here, that next to the beautiful leap of the waters of the Niagara, was that made across the river, by the fugitive from American bondage, to Canadian freedom. I would respectfully commend the manner of our reception here to the consideration of that part of the press of the United States, that allows no opportunity to escape, of pouring contempt and vulgar abuse upon colored people; and I would ask them if the prejudice which they claim to be natural, be anything more than an unworthy and wicked hatred, springing legitimately from the existence of slavery in their midst, and not from the hand of God? How is it that the people within so short a distance from themselves, and of the same complexion with themselves, should be entirely free from a feeling almost universal in the United States? Let the Americans explain this before they claim that their feelings are either just or rational.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT RANDOLPH.—It is certified we believe that the friends at Randolph are to celebrate the First of August.—Henry C. Wright and the Editor of the Bugle are expected to attend.

ORDINANCE OF 1787.—The Convention held at Cleveland on the 13th to celebrate the anniversary of the J. J. Freedom Ordinance, whereby the great and prosperous States of the North-West were preserved from the blight of Slavery, was not, owing to the prevalence of cholera, so largely attended as its friends hoped it would be. Hon. Benj. Tappan presided, assisted by Harmon Kingsbury of Illinois, Francis D. Parish of Ohio, and Henry L. Ellsworth of Indiana, as Vice Presidents; and Joel Tiffany of Cleveland, and George Hoadly of Cincinnati, as Secretaries. The principal speakers were HENRY L. ELLSWORTH of Indiana, J. W. TAYLOR of Kentucky, J. R. GARRISON, and JOHN VAN BUREN. Letters were read from Henry Clay, (J. M. Van Buren, C. M. Clay, John G. Palfrey, John A. Dix, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, Lewis Tappan, Charles F. Adams, and Amos B. Combs. We may notice the proceedings hereafter. There was a good deal of enthusiasm manifested, and many happy things were said; but the Convention was not up to the mark.

THE CHOLERA.—This disease still rages in various parts of the country. It is most severe in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Columbus, New York, Buffalo, and Philadelphia. The interments in Cincinnati on the 15th were 191—on the 16th, 60. On the 16th in Philadelphia, 52 cases, 23 deaths; in New York, 158 cases, 55 deaths. It also prevails in various towns on the principal rivers, and, so to some extent in interior places. A large number—100 or more—of the convicts in the State Penitentiary at Columbus have died. All work and discipline are suspended. In Pittsburgh there were but 14 cases and one death on Monday.

News of the Week.

FIRE AT ALLEGHENY.—A great fire occurred in Allegheny City, Pa., on Monday. The fire company, on account of a disagreement with the City Council, refused to act, and prevented the use of the apparatus by cutting the hose. The Pittsburgh Company were driven off by mob violence. The fire raged until it destroyed 35 houses and much valuable property.

PROXIMO EUNDO.—Rome was unconquered at the latest date. The French, however, had so far succeeded, that the city was at their mercy, to spare which, and to avoid the horrors of frightful carnage, they submitted terms to the Triumvirate, which it is thought would be accepted by the Romans. It is said that the English Government presented a friendly remonstrance against the bombardment of Rome, urging the French Government the necessity of coming to an accommodation.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE AUSTRIANS AND HUNGARIANS is still going on, but reports are contradictory.

IN FRANCE a new law, giving power to suppress any journal attacking the Constitution, or making an appeal to arms, has been passed, and will be rigidly enforced.

THE bill for the removal of the Jewish disabilities has been rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of twenty-five. The bill for the transportation of Smith O'Brien and others convicted of High Treason, is now a law, having passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the royal assent; but it is said to contain a fatal blunder, and by not a few thought to have been purposely committed.

It is generally supposed that the approaching visit of Her Majesty to Ireland will be signalized by extending the royal pardon to the Irish State Prisoners.

THE Office of the Liberty Press, Michigan, was recently destroyed by fire. The publishers lost all their books. The paper is again revived.

AFRICAN AND TEXAS SLAVE TRADE.—The *Caddo* (La.) *Gazette* of the 8th inst. has the following remarkable paragraph:

"We have been credibly informed that there is a constant trade in the kidnapping of negroes going on between Africa and Texas. Year before last, there were several vessels, well loaded with negroes, brought from Africa, and landed near the mouth of the San Barnard, and the negroes there sold. This black scheme should be looked into by the Government, and those engaged in it punished according to law."

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* speaks of numerous rumors it has heard of persons supposed to have died of cholera recovering while preparations were being made for their interment; and mentions, as one of them, that one of the pall-bearers at a funeral declared, while walking by the hearse, that he heard a noise in the coffin. The hearse was stopped, the coffin opened, and the person who was about to be interred found breathing. He was conveyed home, and, it is stated, will probably recover.

NORTH STAR.—Mr. R. Delany, formerly associated with Frederick Douglass in editing the North Star, has retired from the station, and hereafter Douglass will be sole editor.

A strange scene was exhibited in Cincinnati a few days ago, being nothing less than a family consisting of father and mother and six children. The Chronicle states that they had traveled all the way from Laporte, Co., La., in three wheelbarrows, intending to reach Pennsylvania, from which state they had emigrated three years ago. Their blankets, wearing apparel, and some few utensils used in preparing and distributing food among the family, were in one barrow, and the younger children were stowed away in the others, the father and the elder boys taking turns in wheeling them along.

THE WHEAT CROPS, in this section of the State, are generally scarcely worth the cutting. So disastrous has been the rust that there will not be more than one-fourth of a crop. Very much is left standing, the grain not being filled. —*New Concord Free Press.*

Dr. Nathan Cleaves, who was some time since murdered in Texas by two runaway slaves, was a son of Mr. Joshua Cleaves of Mount Vernon, N. H. His parents have received authentic intelligence of the event, and are deeply affected at their bereavement. It will be recollected that the letter in the New Orleans papers, stated that he was a native of Massachusetts, and that he was New Hampshire hoped it might turn out that it was not their son, but another of the same name, who was murdered. —*Lowell Courier.*

A NEW PROJECT.—A company is now forming in the City of Mexico, composed principally of Americans, merchants, and others of enterprise, to transport California passengers from New York and New Orleans, through Vera Cruz and Acapulco to San Francisco in 50 days. The stock is nearly all taken. It is supposed that passengers with their baggage can be carried for \$300.

THAT THE elder Dr. BECKER is about to return to Boston to reside, is contradicted by the Cincinnati Chronicle, which states that he will continue his connection with the Lane Seminary.

Mrs. Caroline L. Swett, who has been on trial at Portland, for an assault on Mr. Cole's grog shop, doing considerable damage, because it was a tipping-place for her husband, has been convicted of trespass, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$10 and cost of Court, amounting to a little over \$50. The money was immediately paid.

At Gloucester, Mass. Simeon Marchant has a cat which has nursed and brought up a litter of young foxes. They are two months old, yet she watches over them with the utmost fondness, and they repay it in kind, though if any other cat is thrown into their kennel they tear it to pieces. Madame Puss is so fond of her foxy bargains, that she treats her own off-spring with indifference.

Tennessee has caught the spirit of emancipation, it would seem. The Knoxville Tribune is publishing a series of efficient articles in its favor, in which a popular Convention on the subject is called for.

The bill directing the submission to the people of Wisconsin, at the next general election, of the question whether equal right of suffrage is to be extended to colored persons, has passed both houses of the Legislature and is a law.

EFFECTS OF CHOLERA.—The Burlington (N. J.) *Gazette* says, some fruits, taken from that city to Philadelphia for sale, have been brought back and thrown away. Nobody would have them as a gift. The owners lost their labor, their freight, their expenses, their produce—everything.

The Susquehanna, in its most beautiful portion, is about to be navigated by steamboat from Oswego to Wilkesbarre, 110 miles.

In a speech at Winchester, Tenn., on the 13th ult., Neil S. Brown, governor of the State and Taylor candidate for re-election, declared the Wilnot Provision unconstitutional, and said if it passed Congress, "he would confidently look to the President for a veto."

MORALS OF BOSTON.—There is said to be a block of buildings in Ann street containing about eighty prostitutes! This building is owned and leased by a merchant tailor of Boston, a man recognized as one of the pillars of a certain church in this city and a communicant of that church! —*Chronotype.*

CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.—Such a Convention was held in Hudson, N. Y., on the 5th. The procession was imposing. S. Myers of Albany called the Convention to order and presided. Excellent speeches were made. There were some 2,000 persons present, and the gathering was all that could have been desired. —*Lib. Ex. Jour.*

AN Act of Justice.—We learn from a correspondence in the New York Tribune,

that five thousand volumes of books, of which Gen. Scott robbed the archives of Mexico, are to be returned to that Government as soon as our government has copied therefrom, what may be useful in completing a history of the possessions that were conquered in the Mexican war. Such an act of liberality will no doubt very much "astonish the natives," as it does us. —*Christ. Citizen.*

HANDSOMELY DONE.—Upon the list of the delegates to the Paris Peace Congress, our readers will perceive the name of Rev. Cyrus Pierce, of West Newton, Mass. Mr. Pierce is a gentleman of high intellectual endowments, and a sincere lover of his race. For some years past, he has filled the station of Principal of the Normal School at West Newton, an institution established by the State to prepare young ladies for the responsible duties of instructors of youth. Learning that Mr. Pierce had been appointed a delegate to the Peace Congress, the scholars connected with the institution resolved to raise a sum sufficient to defray his expenses, and accordingly a purse of three hundred dollars was made up among them, and presented to Mr. P. as a token of their sincere regard for him as a teacher and a friend, and of their high appreciation of his valuable labors in their behalf. —*Christ. Citizen.*

ENGLISHMEN AND THE SLAVE TRADE.—A correspondent of *Jerrold's* News makes the following statement:

People of all nations participate in the profits of slavery; a great part of the brokering is conducted by respectable English houses; and indeed English people, after sojourning long in Brazil, feel as little repugnance to the business as Spaniards or Portuguese. One of those vessels in May last year succeeded in loading, a little to the north of Rio, 1,100 negroes—a cargo worth from \$25,000 to \$30,000.—This would have bought the ship and all she carried out for better five times over. An acquaintance of mine, an Anglo-American, had a little before this brought safely to port, in a little brig, 650. He, as commander, earned between £600 and £700, and his crew in proportion. The sufferings of the negroes and the crews, during the now necessarily protracted voyages are well known; and it is also a fact, known to those conversant with the subject, that while the horrors of the passage are infinitely enhanced by the influence of French and English cruisers, the trade is still supplied at the rate of 65,000 annually; and so long as there remains a market it will be so supplied, unless, instead of employing a few brigs and schooners, we could in reality win all in Africa.

Notice of Meetings.

Henry C. Wright will hold meetings, on Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th, at BENTON, Mahoning Co., to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the past, and hopeful of still greater success in the future, we propose to hold a FAIR at RAYENNA the second week in September; the proceeds of which, as heretofore, will be placed in the Treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

Sewing circles are in operation in various places, making preparation for the proposed Fair, and also expected, from our friends in the East, and we earnestly ask that all who are interested in behalf of the slave and favorable to the objects of the W. A. S. Soc. will send in their contributions. Anna C. Shiras, Massillon, E. Steadman, Randolph, Lydia Irish, New Lisbon, Sullivan, Susan, Julia Briggs, Cynthia Price, Martha J. Griffith, Jane Paxson, New Garden, Rachel Trecoett, Salem, R. S. Thomas, Marlboro, Margaret Hiler, Eliza Smith, Mecca, Jane M. Freccott, Mrs. Whitman, Andover, I. Elizabeth Jones, Mary Whiting Canton, Mary A. Deming, New Susan Grant, Lyue, Cornelia Cowles, Austin, Laura Denning, N. Lyne, burg, Sarah Armstrong, Colum. J. S. Griffing, Lithfield, bias, Jennett Brooker, E. Holmes, Columbians.

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COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET

WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favors conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he will continue in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 13 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 6 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chains. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one pound single white cotton for filling. For those two machines spin the woolen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured uble linen, &c. woven.

ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD.

Green street, Salem.

June 16th, 1848. 6m -148

PITTSBURGH: DESCRIBED at part of I. F. SCOTT and Co.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

Poetry.

From the National Era.
America.
By THOMAS WICKERSHAM.

Columbia, thou land of the patriot's desire,
Where genius may burn and ambition aspire,
What darkens thy pathway to glory, or mars
Thy fame, that it may not ascend to the stars?

Like the sons of Alosa, giant in size,
Thou hast grown—what delays thy ascent to the
skies?

No shaft from Apollo arrests thy career;
What fetters thy progress? What chills thee with
fear?

O, land of my love, there is gloom on thy brow;
It deepens—it grows—it grows dark on thee now!
Like the storm-cloud that's charged with the thun-
ders of wrath,
It hovers around thee—it threatens thy path!

'Tis the plague-spot of guilt that bespeaks the deep
sin
Which is coiled like the folds of a serpent within,
And but waits for the hour when its venomous fangs
May pierce thy torn bosom with torturing pangs!

O, where is the spirit that kindled the fires
Of freedom, and burned in the hearts of thy sons?
And where is the pledge they consigned to thy trust,
When the yoke of the Briton was trampled in dust?

Alas for the laurel they twined on thy brow—
The cypress were better befitting thee now!
Thou hast broken thy faith—thou hast bartered thy
truth—
Thou hast quenched the free spirit that lighted thy
youth!

With the best Saxon blood was thy liberty bought—
O, how do thy sons set the purchase at naught!
By the curse of oppression thy bright honor stains,
And where freedom once triumphed, lo! slavery's
chains!

A wailing is heard in thy streets, and—behold!
The market where men in the shambles are sold!
And shame to thy honor—how false to thy trust!
There women are bartered—the victim of lust!

The groans of the father, the wails of the child,
And the shrieks of the slave-mother, frantic and
wild,
Go up with the voice of the rude auctioneer,
As he sunders the ties held by nature most dear!

Not alone from the cane-field and rice-swamp arise,
'Neath the lash of the driver, the slave victim's
cries;
Like the last parting tones of the death-doomed
they come,
On the sepulchre that lies the proud Capitol's dome!

What a mockery this to the fame thou hast won,
By the time-honored deeds which thy fathers have
done!
And how dost thou spurn that most noble decree,
Which declares that all men have a right to be free.

While the dust of its authors is stirred in their graves
By the clank of the fetter—the footstep of slaves!
The Turk bears no fouler disgrace to his name—
The Hindu shows thee the Moor while he
shames!

O! cast from thy borders this dark burning shame—
This blot on thy honor—this curse on thy fame—
Ere it eats as a canker, consuming thy life,
Or pours out thy blood like thy assassin's red knife!

Lo! the seeds of destruction, once sown by thy hand,
Spring up to consume the rich bloom of the land!
Repeat, ere the hills with thy life currents drip,
And the cup of God's vengeance is pressed to thy
lip!

When Freedom, triumphing, shall hail the blest
hour,
That doom to destruction the slaveholder's power—
When broken for aye is the fetter and rod
And repentance turns back the fierce vengeance of
God.

Then no more shalt thou blush who by heathen art
shamed,
But in deed and in truth shalt thy name be pro-
claimed.
O'er the rock-girt shore and the foam-crested
wave—
Columbia, the home of the free and the brave!

FARMERS' COLLEGE, OHIO.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

The Lone Slave.

'Neath summer's heat, and sultry sun,
His labor yet full half undone,
The weary slave bends to his toil,
With perspiration bathes the soil—
Worn down by grief, with care oppressed,
Denied the priceless boon of rest,
His bosom heaves the bitter sigh,
The tear-drops tremble in his eye—
Deep sorrows mark his youthful brow,
And agonies his spirit bow.

"My home," he murmurs, "o'er the sea,
My happy home where I was free,
O could I reach thy peaceful shore,
I'd stray from thee, bright home, no more;
I sat beneath the Cecos's shade,
I plucked wild flowers, and with them play'd,
I twined a wreath to deck my hair,
Looked forth on Nature ever fair;
And watched the huge, majestic wave
That came old Africa's rocks to lave.
As thus I sat, a thoughtless child,
The scene around me rich and wild,
A gallant ship sailed slowly by,
The noble wonder caught my eye,
I fastened to the water's side
To see her breast the foaming tide,
And as she near and nearer drew,
I soon discovered her true crew;
They towered and manned a speedy boat—
I laughed to see it gallantly float.
And as it skimmed along the sea
I danced, and jumped in merry glee;
Blighted with the waters' o'er
And touched my Africa's sunny shore;
They bade us come (with cheerful voice
That made my beating heart rejoice)
And see the ship of wonderful form
That nobly bore the raging storm.
Away I sprang in frenzied mirth
To see the strongest thing of earth;
I stepped on deck—Oh fatal stain!
My chains were wreathed with cruel pain;
They brought me here to find a grave,
To die a crushed, heart-broken slave."

CHRISTIAN, awake, thy Father calls;
See how to death thy brother falls!
Lest with the right, the touching scene,

The piercing shriek, the heart-heaved groan;
Now bending 'neath the heavy yoke,
Hear him the bitter curse invoke,
Awake to life, put forth thy hand,
Undo the burden, break the band,
And let th' oppressed enjoy his right;
Bid slavery take eternal flight,
Let us of every clime be free,
And roam in Heaven-born liberty.

From the Missionary.

"Stand, as an avil, when it is beaten down."

[St. Ignatius to St. Polycarp; both Martyrs.]

"Stand, like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storied but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence, its rest.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart, that cannot fear."

"Stand, like an anvil," Noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time.
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Riverside, N. J., 1849. G. W. D.

Miscellaneous.

The Seed Town of the Republic.

From the National A. S. Standard.

Last Sunday I had the satisfaction of
spending on the cool shores of the Pil-
grim Fathers. Plymouth, though not
probably, a very inviting spot on the 22d
of December, 1820, is a very attractive
one now, at any season of the year, and
especially in summer. I love a rambling
old-fashioned town that looks as if it
had grown up with the country, and had
been built as people wanted houses, and
where they wanted them, instead of be-
ing laid out with line and compass, like
the rectangular abominations of newer
times. Then, the unequal surface of the
town honorably distinguishes it from the
pan-cake sites in which these leveling
days delight. It has the air, which the
seed town of a Republic should have,
of abundance and comfort, not without
marks of wealth, but free from ostentatious
signs of poverty. The sea view from the
hill where the Fathers lie is singularly
fine. The Beach breaking the middle
distance, the Gurnet and Clarke's
Island, where the Pilgrims spent their
first Sunday, beyond, with the Ocean
stretching away from the eye, and on the
left the shore of Duxbury, marked by the
picturesque promontory of Captain's
Hill, where the stalwart Standish dwelt,
altogether make up a delicious prospect
upon a summer's afternoon. Below you,
though now hidden by streets and wharfs,
lies the Rock on which the Pilgrims
landed, long since left behind by the ra-
turing of the sea, or by the encroach-
ments of men. And beyond by Clarke's
Island and the Gurnet the road where the
Mayflower lay at anchor when the im-
mortal boat's company pushed off to
take possession of their heritage.

But Oh, sons and daughters of the Pil-
grims! could ye find no better name for
the spot
"Where the Mayflower moored below,"
than "the Cove-yard?" Was the re-
semblance of a sparkling sea, locked in
with green islands and brown rock, to the
sisterous habitation of milch kine so
inevitable that ye were compelled to
make them synonymous? Of a surety
ye abuse the Providence that gave so po-
etical a name to the Argosy that came
freighted with your destiny. The May-
flower! It was just as likely to have
been the "Two Pollies," or the "Lovely
Keziah." Consider your escape! Think
how it would have sounded!

"The waves that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When 'the Two Pollies' moored below!"

Be more grateful for your mercies and
amend your vocabulary! That is to
say, if this nomenclature be of modern
date. If it runneth back to the Pilgrims,
leave it reverently as it is. It may have,
in such case, a mystic meaning that we
wot not of. I am sometimes called by
my maligners a Radical; but God knows
that an abuse must be a very bad one, so
it be old, before I can find it in my heart
to lift a finger against it.

There are traditions suggested by this
prospect from the hill of Graves which
smack rather of the Merry Monarch and
the Cavaliers than of Cromwell and the
grim Puritans who made him "Our first
of Men." The Gurnet that you see
yonder with the light-house upon it con-
nects with the main land by a long beach
which makes it many miles around by
land to Plymouth. By sea, as you may
observe, the distance is much less—
Well, somewhere about the middle of the
last century, a party of boon companions
were carousing at a tavern near the light-
house, among whom was Colonel Wins-
low (crying you mercy for speaking
lightly of one of your relations) the
prince of honest fellows at that time—
When their return home was spoke of,
it was proposed that whoever arrived
last at the tavern at Plymouth should pay
for a supper for the others. This being
settled, and the mirth having waxed
fast and furious, Colonel Winslow fell
asleep. The rest watching their oppor-

tunity slipped away and took horse, en-
joining it upon mine host to let the Col-
onel sleep so long as he would. At the
end of two or three hours he awoke, and
learning the trick that had been played
upon him, he mounted his good steed
and making his way to the narrowest
part of the channel plunged in and swam
his horse across to the point of Plymouth
beach, a distance at high tide of more
than two miles.

"Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place!"

But when there he was within five
miles of his destination, which he soon
dovoured up, and had been long arrived
at the goal with the supper ordered, when
his party arrived "bloody with spurring,
fiery hot with haste," and found that the
more haste they had made the worse
speed they had. The same hero once at
a drinking bout, when all the supplies of
lemons in Plymouth had given out, with
a spirit equal to the emergency, galloped
to Boston and back, seventy-two miles in
all, returning with the supplies before the
topping session was over. We have no
such men now! The Temperance So-
cieties have much to answer for!

The Pilgrim Hall, in front of which a
fragment of the Rock is inclosed in an
iron fence, having the names of the first
emigrants on medallions around it, con-
tains many interesting relics of the first
settlers. Furniture and utensils, hooks
and weapons, writings and autographs of
Carver, Bradford, Standish, Brewster, and
others must be ever increasingly curious
and valuable. A considerable collection
of the few rude antiquities of the Indian
race will also grow in value as years pass
away and the races they represent disap-
pear from the earth. Interesting manu-
scripts of the Pilgrims, among them ma-
ny valuable documents, are deposited
here, as well as a small collection of cu-
rious books, as the nucleus of a large li-
brary. Among other objects of curiosity is
a Commission from Cromwell to one of
the Winslows, with a pen-and-ink
likeness of him at the head. The signa-
ture has been stolen by some base rascal,
who obtained admittance when too little
care was taken to guard against such de-
gradations. The theft seems to have
been almost as foolish a one as that of
the letter of Byron to Scott taken from
the Silver Vase at Abbotsford, as it could
hardly be displayed without detection.—
There are several original signatures of
the great Protector in the Collection of
the Massachusetts Historical Society in
Boston.

My own personal mission to Plymouth
was attended with great satisfaction to
myself and all outward marks of prosper-
ity. Our meetings were held on Sunday
at the usual hour of religious service, in
a handsome hall belonging to the Sons
of Temperance. Notwithstanding this
flying in the face of the pious proprieties
of the town, the hall was well filled in
the morning, and crowded in the afternoon,
with attentive listeners. In the evening
the meeting was held in a desecrated
meeting house, abandoned to profane
secular uses, holding twice as many as
the hall, which was also well filled.—
The Anti-Slavery estate of Plymouth
seems to be gracious. The number of
conventicles, as was shown at my meet-
ings, is larger than common in propor-
tion to the size of the town. The Anti-
Slavery women, I was told, are busy in
preparation for the next Bazaar, and the
general spirit is good. The outward face
of things is changed since I came to Ply-
mouth on a similar errand eleven years
ago. Then I was invited by the deacon
of the Unitarian Church, my revered
friend, William P. Ripley, who was saved
from much tribulation by death. I
lectured in an Orthodox meeting house
and had two or three ministers of various
denominations to take part in the service.
Now I suppose the Devil incarnate could
as soon (and a good deal sooner) I have
seen him several times in the pulpit, my-
self) obtain the use of a church or the
blessing of a minister, as the Anti-Slavery
cause in its true shape. And yet there
was never a time when it exerted so wide
and so strong an influence, even over
those very religious bodies and persons
as at this time, when it only stands aside
and rebukes them. Truly, great is the
mystery of Godliness!

Execution of a Boy.

WRITTEN BY A HANGMAN.

A few years ago I was called out of
town to hang a little boy, who had been
convicted of killing with malice afore-
thought. If guilty, he must have been
in the habit of going to the executions.
Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor
young creature's blood. This was the
youngest fellow-creature I ever handled.
A beautiful child he was, too, with a
straight nose, large blue eyes and golden
hair.

I have no heart—no feelings; who has
in our calling! But those who came to
see me strangle that tender youngster
have hearts and feelings, as we once had.
Have! No! For what they saw was
fit to make them as hard as our servant
and his master.

They saw that strapping fellow, fainting
on the gallows; his smooth cheek the
color of wood ashes, his little limbs
trembling, and his bosom heaving with
after sigh, as though the body and soul
were parting without any help.

This was downright murder, for there
was scarcely any life to take out of him.
When I began to pull the cap over his

baby face* he pressed his hands together
—his arms, you know, were corded fast
to his body—and gave me a beseeching
look, just as the calf will lick the butch-
er's hand. But cattle do not speak.—
This creature muttered, "Pray, sir, do
not hurt me!" "My dear," I answered,
"you should have spoken to my
master; I am only a journeyman, and
must do as I am bid."

This made him cry, which seemed to
relieve him, and I do think I should have
cried myself, if I had not heard the
shouts of the crowd, "Poor lamb! Shame!
Murder!" "Quick!" said the Sheriff.
"Ready," said I. The Reverend gen-
tleman gave the wink, the drop fell; one
kick, and he swayed to and fro, dead as
the feelings of the Christian people of
England.

The crowd dispersed; some weeping
with passionate exclamations, some curs-
ing as though hell had broke loose; some
laughed while they cracked jokes on you
and me, and the dangling corpse. They
had come for the sight. They would
have come to see an angel murdered.—
They had come to get drunk with strong
excitement; they went back reeking and
filthy with the debauch. They had
come to riot in the passions of fear and
pity; they went back some in a fever of
rage, some burning with hate, some hun-
koned in heart; like me or you, all sunk
down in their own respect, ready to make
light of pain and blood; corrupted by the
indecent show, and more fit than ever to
make work for us—the judge and hang-
man. Oh, wise lawmakers! who think
to soften the hearts of the people, to make
them gentle and good, to give them feel-
ings of respect for themselves and others,
by showing them a sight like this.

*Remember, reader, that this was done by the
laws of a people professing the religion of Jesus
Christ. He said, "Pray—Forgive us our debts as
we forgive our debtors." Their commentary says,
"Hang them as ye hope to be forgiven." But let
us recall the idea of the death-cap on the head of
the little boy whom they were murdering.

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.

And it came to pass when Solomon,
the son of David, had finished the Tem-
ple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him
the chief architects, the head artificers,
and cunning workers in silver and gold,
and in wood and in ivory and in stone—
yea, all who had aided in rearing the
Temple of the Lord, and he said unto
them,—"Sit ye down at my table: I
have prepared a feast for all my chief
workers and cunning artificers.—Stretch
forth your hands, therefore, and eat and
drink and be merry. Is not the laborer
worthy of his hire? Is not the skilful
artificer deserving of honor? Muzzle
not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief work-
men were seated, and the fulness of the
land and the oil thereof was set upon the
table, there came one who knocked loud-
ly at the door, and forced himself even
into the festal chamber. Then Solomon
the King was wroth, and said—"What
manner of man art thou?" And the
man answered and said,—"When men
wish to honor me, they call me Son of
the Forge; but when they desire to
mock me, they call me blacksmith; and
seeing that the toil of working in fire
covers me with sweat and smut, the lat-
ter name, O King, is not inapt, and, in
truth, thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you
thus rudely and unbidden to the feast,
where none save the chief work-
men of the temple were invited to dine
with the King of Israel?" Then he
who carved the cherubim said:—"The
fellow is no sculptor."—And he who in-
laid the roof with pure gold said:—"Neither is he a workman in fine mo-
sais." And he who raised the walls,
said:—"He is no cutter of stone." And
he who made the roof, cried out:—"He
is not cunning in cedar-wood; and nei-
ther knoweth he the mystery of uniting
strange pieces together."

Then said Solomon, "what hast thou
to say, Son of the Forge, why I should
not order thee to be plucked by the beard,
scourged with a scourge, and stoned to
death with stones?" And when the Son
of the Forge heard this, he was in no
sort dismayed, but advancing to the table,
snatched up and swallowed a cup of
wine, and said, "O King, live forever!"
The chief men of the workers in wood
and gold and stone have said that I am
not of them, and they have said truly.—
I am their superior: before they lived
I was created. I am their master, and
they are all my servants." And he
turned him round, and said to the chief
of the carvers in stone, "Who made
the tools with which you carve?" And
he said, "The blacksmith." And he
said to the chief of the masons, "Who
made the chisels with which the stones
of the Temple were squared?" And he
said, "The blacksmith." And he said
to the chief of the workers in wood,—"Who
made the tools with which you
hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed
them into the pillars and roof of the tem-
ple?" And he said, "The blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificers in gold
and in ivory, "Who makes your in-
struments, by which you work beautiful
things for my Lord the King?"—And they
said:—"The blacksmith."

"Enough, enough," said Solomon,
"thou hast proved that I invited thee,
and that thou art all men's father in art.
Go wash the smut of the forge from thy
face, and come and sit at my right hand.
The chiefs of my workmen are but men;
thou art more." So it happened at the
feast of Solomon, and blacksmiths have
been honored ever since.

A Man who Never Saw a Woman.

From "Visits to Monasteries in the
Levant," a very entertaining book of
travels, by Robert Cruizen, we make the
annexed extract:

"He was a magnificent looking man,
of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with
large eyes, and long black hair and beard.
As we sat together in the evening in the
ancient room, by the light of one dim
brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown
across his face and figure, I thought he
would have made an admirable study for
Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the
course of conversation, I found that he
had learned Italian from another monk,
having never been out of the peninsula
of Mount Athos. His parents, and most
of the inhabitants of the village where
he was born—somewhere in Roumelia,
but his name or position he did not know
—had been massacred during some re-
volt or disturbance. So he had been
told, but he remembered nothing about
it; he had been educated in a school in
this or one of the other monasteries, and
his whole life had been passed on the
Holy Mountain; and this he said, was
the case with very many other monks.—
He did not remember his mother, and
did not seem quite sure that he ever had
one; he had never seen a woman, nor
had he any idea what sort of things wo-
men were, or what they looked like.—
He asked me whether they resembled
the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy
Virgin, which hang in every church.—
Now those who are conversant with the
peculiar conventional representations of
the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the
Greek church, which are all exactly
alike, stiff, hard and dry, without any
appearance of life or emotion, will agree
with me that they do not afford a very
favorable idea of the grace or beauty of
the fair sex; and that there was a differ-
ence of appearance between black wo-
men, Circassians, and those of other na-
tions, which was, however, difficult to
describe to one who had never seen a
lady of any race. He listened with
great interest while I told him that all
women were not exactly like the pic-
tures he had seen, but I did not think it
charitable to carry on the conversation
farther; although the poor monk seemed
to have a strong inclination to know
more of that interesting race of beings
from whose society he had been so en-
tirely debarred. I often thought after-
wards of the singular lot of this manly
and noble looking monk; whether he
is still a recluse, either in the monastery
or in his mountain farm, with its little
moss grown chapel, as ancient as the
days of Constantine; or whether he has
gone out into the world, and mingled in
its pleasures and its cares."

Land Limitation.

From the American Republic.

If it be right to pamper the wealthy
money-holder by indirect government
bounties, it surely cannot be very wrong
to encourage the poor in the way to com-
petence by allowing him to use a little of
the earth which Heaven has given for all.
To a little he has a fair right. To all
he has none. All men have equal claims,
and for one to grasp at the whole im-
provable earth would be for him to
usurp the rights of the eight hundred
millions of other human beings who ex-
ist; and if he seizes half, he deprives
half of their rights. If he takes less, his
acts are still encroachments on others,
so long as he takes more than he needs
or can use, although he does not rob so
many. But what right has he to rob any?
What right to accrete to himself the land
of a nation, and speculate by means of it
out of the necessities of his fellows?

We know that the doctrine of limiting
the landed possessions of men is not a
favorite one. For centuries men have
been instructed that it was right for each
one, not only to create all he could, but
to seize on that created by others, and by
the Great Creator himself. Certain
forms have been prescribed, and whoever
succeeds under them in alienating his
neighbor's rights, is deemed to have in-
fringed no principle of equity or morals,
while he who does it without due form,
by force rather than by cunning, is an
outlaw. He should be. But why allow
one, under flimsy pretenses, or without
pretenses, to shut up in his bureau the
common and Divine rights of his race,
and dole them out—the free gifts of God
—at so much for a dollar?

The evils of immense landed specula-
tions are vividly shown in England and
Ireland, where the whole soil is in the
hands of thirty or forty thousand persons,
and not one of the other thirty millions
can strike a spade into the ground, or
can tread on it without leave of the land-
lord. That leave can only be obtained
at a high price. In this country we have
a similar example on a smaller scale, in
the manorial lands in New-York, and
very extensive tracts in several of the
counties held by individuals. From
these flow Anti-rent troubles; and if con-
tinued, will plant ineradicably deep the
seeds of class hostility, so fruitful of dif-
ficulty and contention, and so important
to be avoided in a Republic.

It is to be hoped that the public senti-
ment on this point will ere long become
so changed that Congress will find it
necessary to obstruct the immense accu-
mulation of lands in a single person, and
preserve the plentiful inheritance we
have, for the use of those who need them,
and not for the increase of gain to those
who already have more than enough.

The Catastrophe at Niagara Falls.

The Rochester American publishes an ac-
count derived from an eye witness of the loss
of Mr. Addington and Miss DeForest at Ni-
agara Falls. The party consisted of Mr. De-
forest, his lady, three daughters, Mr. A. and
the gentleman who narrates the melancholy
event:—The eldest of the daughters was en-
gaged to be married to Mr. A. and the young-
est, Antoinette, a little girl of six years of
age. They arrived there, and about sunset
went down together, and crossed over to
Goat Island, and from thence to Luna Island,
which lies still farther out in the River, to-
ward the Canada side. Here, within about
ten feet of the brink, and directly upon the
edge of the hurrying mass of waters, A. and
his betrothed stationed themselves. A little
in the rear of these were the narrator and the
second sister, and farther back still Mr. De-
forest and his lady. Little Antoinette was
running around in high spirits, from one to
another of the group, laughing and dancing
in all the light-heartedness of childhood.—
The rest were conversing with peculiar vivac-
ity and cheerfulness. The sudden mass of
waters bearing onward heavily and irresisti-
bly, the unchanging diapason of the descend-
ing torrent in its rocky contact, the dying
beams of the sun silencing the illusive brink,
and then the colder radiance of the moon
tinging the restless foam, seemed to inspire
an unusual flow of thought and feeling from
all the party. It was nearly eight o'clock.
They had conversed long and pleasantly.—
Luna Island was still dancing and playing as
hard as ever. Her silvery laughter rang
through the air, and her innocent gambols
had brought many a smile to the lips of her
parents. Soon, however, her father perceiving
that she approached nearer the river,
warned her away and called her to him.—
Young Addington immediately turned around
and said, "Never mind; I will see that she
is safe." With this, in girlish playfulness
and spite, she ran up behind him and pulled
his coat. "Aha, you rogue!" said he, "I
have you now; I will take you over the Falls!"
Taking her gently and playfully by the arms,
he swung her out just over the water. Alarmed
at her situation, she struggled while sus-
pended at the farthest, and slipped from his
hands! The instant she touched the water
she was borne full six feet from the shore.—
Addington turned—spoke but a syllable to
the horror-stricken girl beside him, and sprang
after her—clashed her at the waist—struggled
for a moment in the dark torrent, and then,
with the precocious boldness of his embrace,
was hurled like a bubble from the brink!

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Salem, March 2, 1849.—n38 of H. H.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.

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Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlbut, Elijah Poor.
Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester; Roder. Adam Sanders.
Palmer; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm.
J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whit-
more.
Astor Town; A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine; Simon Sheets.
Granger; L. S. Speers.
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Puckett.
Economy; Ira C. Mauley.
Penn; John L. Michener.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.